



Are you giving your baby what he really needs?

Are you giving him sunshine? He will unfold and bloom in it like a flower. Are you giving him the sunniest room in the house—with bare floor and painted walls? Are you giving him a perfect digestion?

With all their love, so many mothers do not know what to give their babies. Yet today, with our National Government searching for the truth each day—with doctors and scientists watching and thinking—you can know—without a shadow of doubt, what is best for your baby. His little feet need not stumble through the guess-work of earlier times. This is what the U.S. Government says to you—and every mother—"Milk as ordinarily marketed is absolutely unfit for human food". Nurse your baby as long as you can—then wean him gradually on the nearest thing to your own milk.

Nestlé's Food

(A complete food—not a milk modifier)

Nestlé's has in it the fats, proteins and carbohydrates that your baby needs. Don't try to use raw cow's milk as a make-shift. It won't do. Unclean—often filled with germs of consumption, typhoid—and that greatest of terrors—summer complaint—cow's milk carries off more babies than any other cause. Cow's milk fills the needs of calves—not of babies.

In Nestlé's—milk from healthy cows, purified—free from germs—the calf needs are modified—the baby needs are added.

Reduced to a powder—it comes to you in an air-tight can. No hand has touched it—no germ can reach it. It is a complete food—so you add only water and boil one minute—and you will know that you are giving your baby the food its little body needs.

Send the coupon for free sample box of Nestlé's—enough for 12 feedings—and the Specialist's book on the care of babies. Don't delay. Your baby's health depends on the food you give him now.



NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

237 Broadway, New York
Please send me, FREE, your Book and Trial Package.

Name
Address



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 days free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, freight prepaid, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing all the latest and best of our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free. **FINES, COASTERS, RACERS** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at \$2 to \$5 each. **RIDER AGENTS** wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1916 model Ranger furnished by us. **It Costs You Nothing** to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. **Write today.** **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-191, CHICAGO, ILL.**

of the girl who had called herself Roberta Hoyt!

"I'm not sure," she went on in a tremulous whisper, as if answering a question. "But last night some one called me on the 'phone three times. . . . No, no, of course not; but don't you see? They're trying to identify my voice; they suspect me. . . . Yes, at two o'clock this morning."

I understood now. She was telephoning. Her voice rose:

"I couldn't stand being alone any longer. Every time the bell rings, I think they're coming. I don't trust her. I want to go away. . . . I'll do anything you say—you know that; but you'll send me some word—"

I coughed deliberately, and she stopped short. I stood at the closed door a moment, listening. I had made up my mind to speak to her, but I wished to be sure first that she was alone. Then, to my amazement, she spoke:

"Sorry I disturbed you."

My lips opened to return some polite formula. Then, my wits collecting, I whispered softly at the door-crack:

"Miss Hoyt!"

Utter silence followed.

I raised my voice a trifle and repeated the name. "This is Dick Terrill," I added. "Don't you remember me? We had tea together Tuesday."

"Oh!" Hardly more than a breath, it had in it both enlightenment and relief.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

"I'm only here for the night. I just wanted you to know how I happened to overhear what you said at the 'phone, and I thought you would be glad to know it was somebody you could—trust."

"I am, thank you." After a moment, a little uncertainly: "What you heard must have sounded—odd."

"Not at all," I lied hastily. "But I wish you'd let me help you. Of course, I've known for several days that you must be awfully worried, but I didn't know where you were. When I heard your voice just now, I had to let you know I was here, ready to do anything I can. I have your locket still, and I've told no one about meeting you."

"Oh—why not?" she asked.

"Because, after Dr. Rice and the cabman reported seeing you, I heard the doubt expressed that—that you were—Miss Hoyt." It was hard to get out, but I thought she ought to know it.

There followed the briefest of pauses. "There was nothing about that in the papers," she said then.

"No; but some people are saying so."

"Then why didn't you contradict them? Why didn't you show the locket? That's proof!"

"Because I was not sure it was best—I mean, that it was what you would wish."

"But surely you might have known that. Did I behave like a person with anything to hide? Listen," she continued. "If you really want to help me, take that locket to Mr. Rosser as soon as possible, and tell him everything."

"About to-night also?"

"No, no! Don't mention that. It—it isn't necessary."

"But they'll go to the tea-room to verify my story, and—"

"Well, it's true."

I HESITATED, then decided to speak. Cleverly as she had masked her alarm, her words at the telephone were evidence enough that she was in some trouble, and ignorance of her true position would not serve her.

"That waitress at the tea-room says you are not Miss Hoyt."

"What reason did she give?"

"Your voice." I tried to say it simply, but I was so conscious of her own remark about her voice that I fear I failed.

"Why has there been nothing about her in the papers?" she asked.

"I paid her not to talk."

"You paid her! Then you believed her!"

"I—don't know."

"Then you're bribing her to shield me. From what, pray?"

"I don't know that, either. I was just

holding her off until I could get a line on how things were with you."

"I—I can't tell you that," she said, after a short wait. "I wish I could. I'm grateful to you. You've been wonderful—and you've earned the right to my confidence—"

"I don't want it as a right," I protested. "I only want to help you, and I can't do it intelligently unless I know more about things. You must see that."

"But there isn't anything you can do. I'd love to be frank with you—truly; but I'm in a peculiar position—something you could never imagine. I've so much at stake. Won't you please go on just a while longer saying nothing? Won't you? Only until the eighth of November."

"The eighth?" I echoed in wonder; then, to cover my surprise, I asked quickly: "You mean I shall see you then? Where?"

"I'll write you where."

"You promise that? It's not another invitation—to tea?"

She laughed out at that, and the sound lifted a load off my chest.

"It was dreadful of me to break my engagement," she confessed with charming contrition. "But I sha'n't break this. I promise. I'll write you at the Cecil—you see, I haven't forgotten. I was going to write anyway, as soon as I could, and explain."

"Were you really? Is that straight?"

"Yes—it's straight," she returned, laughing again. "And now I must say good night; it's nearly eleven o'clock. But first I want to apologize for doing you an injustice the other day. I knew when I asked you to tea that I shouldn't be there. I—I wanted to punish you. I thought the reason you pretended to know me and wanted to see me again was because I was the rich Miss Hoyt."

"Heavens! If you only knew how I felt when I found it out. Why, I've been hoping and praying for two days that you're not Miss Hoyt."

SHE said nothing to that for a minute, then: "Isn't that a very queer thing to say to me, considering—everything?"

"But I'm not considering everything! I'm considering only that Miss Hoyt has two millions and—is in love with Herbert Farnham."

She made me wait again, and this time it was worth it.

"I shall not have two millions on the eighth of November, and—I shall never marry Mr. Farnham," she said.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

"Then—is there a chance for anybody else?"

"Oh, no; not for—anybody. Good night."

"How about somebody?"

She laughed.

"Well, I'm not going to be an old maid. Good night."

"Wait a minute; I've something else to tell you."

"Good night!" came softly, more faintly.

"But I'm serious. Please come back. It's about Farnham."

And truly at that instant it did flash over me that I ought to tell her she had misjudged him. It was the only square thing to do. He could not reach her himself, so of course he would want her to know—that is, if she were Miss Hoyt. Bearing that uncertainty in mind, I chose my words carefully.

"Something has happened since you left that leaves him free to tell you now what he could not before," I said.

"What has happened?" she questioned after a pause, as if she too were advancing warily.

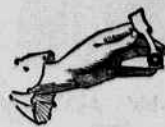
"That I can't tell you," I replied. "I have given my word. But I will say this: it concerns what you were told about him and—Miss Mary Leighton."

"Mary Leighton? Wh—why, what do you know about her?"

"I can't say anything more," I said.

Then, recalling Miss Leighton's regret at having been indirectly responsible for the breaking of Miss Hoyt's engagement, I saw no harm in adding:

Tonight



Let's End That Corn!

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That brings a wonderful wax in touch with the corn, and protects it.

This wax was invented by a chemist who has spent 25 years studying corns.

Tomorrow



You'll forget the corn. Blue-jay ends all pain.

It will prove to you that all corn pains are needless. You can stop them in an instant—and forever—with a Blue-jay. You will always do that when you know the facts.

Next Day



The corn will disappear for good. And no soreness follows. Blue-jay has proved that on 70 million corns. It will prove it to you, we promise. After that, you will never keep a corn.

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.
15c and 25c at Druggists

Blue-jay Ends Corns

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified column of

Every Week and The Associated Magazines

will prove a profitable investment

Combination Rate, \$3.00 Per Line

Smallest space sold, 4 lines—Largest 12 lines. No fakes or extravagant copy accepted.

95 MADISON AVENUE, . . . NEW YORK
109 NORTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

CALIFORNIA FARM LANDS

TWENTY ACRES in San Joaquin Valley, California, in fruit, vegetables, alfalfa; with cows, pigs, poultry and bees will pay you steady, substantial profits. Delightful climate, rich soil, good schools, churches, fine roads. Thrifty, hospitable neighbors. Write for free books. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonizat'n Ag't, AT & SF Ry., 1915 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES

JOIN THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY LEAGUE. If you are not getting ahead or reaping the largest harvest possible from your present opportunities, send for our Free Booklet describing the wonderful service we offer. National Prosperity League, 200 Fifth Ave., New York.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least cost. Transact business, keep books anywhere. Free Laws, By-Laws and Forms. Reference: Any bank in Arizona. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 800, Phoenix, Arizona. Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California

MISCELLANEOUS

MR. BUSINESS MAN: Talking to a million families at once, it would cost you \$10,000 to send only a post card. You can do it in this space for \$15.00 gross. Address: Classified Department D. A., 95 Madison Avenue, New York, for rates.

FARMS FOR SALE

VIRGINIA FARMS, SMALL AND LARGE, \$15 an acre and up. Easy payments, mild climate, fertile soil. Ideal for fruit, stock or general farming. On railroad with big markets nearby. Write for lists, maps, etc. F. H. Laflamme, Agt. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 421 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO TRAVEL, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 67, Omaha, Neb.